Deadwood

Nanci Griffith

Well, the good times scratched a laugh
From the lungs of the young men
In a Deadwood saloon, South Dakota afternoon
And the old ones by the door with their heads to their chests
They told lies about whiskey on a woman's breathYes, and some tell the story of young Mickey Free
Who lost an eye to a buck deer in the Tongue River Valley
Oh and some tell the story of California Joe
Who sent word through the Black Hills
'There was a mountain of gold'And the gold she lay cold in their pockets
And the sun she sets down on the trees
And they thank the Lord for the land that they live in
Where the white man does as he pleasesSome flat shoed fool from the East comes a runnin'
With some news that he'd read in some St. Joseph paper
And it was "Drinks all around" 'cause the news he was tellin'
Was the one they called Crazy
Had been caught and been dealt withAnd the Easterner he read the news from the paper
And the old ones gathered closer so's they could hear better
"And it says here that Crazy Horse was killed
While he was trying to escape
And it was some time last September and it don't give the exact date"And the gold she lay cold in their pockets
And the sun she sets down on the trees
And they thank the Lord for the land that they live in
Where the white man does as he pleases
Where the white man does as he pleasesThen the talk turned back to whiskey and women
And cold nights on the plains, Lord, and fightin' those Indians
And the Easterner he says he'll have one more 'fore he goes
He gives the paper to the Crow boy
Who sweeps up the floorAnd the gold still lay cold in their pockets
And the sun still sets down on their trees
And they thank the Lord for the land that they live in
Where the white man does as he pleases
Where the white man does as he pleases
Where the white man does as he pleases
As he wants to, as he pleases

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/